

TERROR



NO. 4
ALL-NEW!

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELCOME TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR, HORROR FIENOS! YES, IT'S ME AGAIN... THE CRYPT-KEEPER! BACK AGAIN TO HOST MY MAD-MAG, TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

NOW IT MAY LOOK LIKE I'VE HIT BOTTOM, LAYING HERE IN THIS GRUESOME OPEN GRAVE, BUT THE TERRIFYING TRUTH IS I'M REALLY BACK IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR. YOU'RE JUST LOOKING AT THE VIRTUAL CRYPT-KEEPER!

YOU SEE, I'VE JUST GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THE OLD WITCH AND THE VAULT-KEEPER! EVER SINCE THE UNSPEAKABLE HAPPENED BACK IN THE 50s, THOSE TWO HAVE BEEN BUZZING AROUND ME LIKE FLIES OVER A FRESH CORPSE! THEIR CONSTANT JIBBER-JABBER HAS DRIVEN ME TOO AN EARLY GRAVE!

WHICH REMINDS ME OF THIS FEAR-FABLE ABOUT A RATHER DESPICABLE CHARACTER CALLED STONY BLAKE, A DRUG DEALER WHO WAS WIRED FOR SOUND. CONFUSED? DON'T BE - SOON EVERYTHING WILL BE...

CRYSTAL CLEAR



FOR STONY BLAKE,
LIFE WAS GOOD.

HE COULD BEAT ONE
OF HIS CRYSTAL METH
CUSTOMERS TO A PULP
WHO OWED HIM MONEY—

—AND BROADCAST THE IMAGE TO HIS RIGHT-
HAND STOOGES AND ENFORCERS. CURLY.

NOW, DRUGGIE, I
GAVE YOU SOME-
THING TO BE REALLY
PARANOID ABOUT.

STONY MADE A
LOT OF CONTACTS
FLYING HIS PLANE
OVER BORDERS AND
STATE LINES AND
WHEN RETURNING TO
HIS MID-WESTERN
HOMETOWN, OVER
FARMLANDS TRYING
TO STAY ECONOMIC-
ALLY ALIVE.

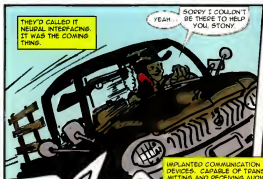
SET WHAT YOU OWE ME,
OR YOU'LL WISH YOU
WERE ONLY GETTING
HIT BY MY FISTS.

STAYING ALIVE
ECONOMICALLY
WASN'T A PRO-
BLEM FOR A DRUG
ENTREPRENEUR
LIKE STONY, WHO
LIVED MUCH OF
HIS LIFE ON THE
PHONE.

A MAN WHO KNEW A MAN
WHO KNEW A WOMAN TOLD
HIM THEY'D PERFECTED A
CELLPHONE FOR PEOPLE
TO HAVE THE ULTIMATE
COMMUNICATION.

CINE-PHONE

CURLY,
YOU CATCHING
ALL THIS?



THEY'D CALLED IT NEURAL INTERFACING. IT WAS THE COMING THING.

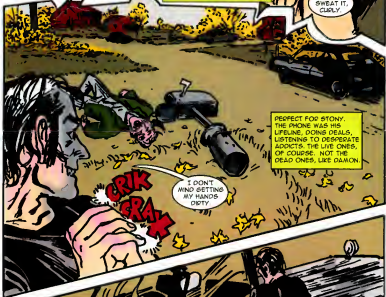
YEAH...

SORRY I COULDN'T BE THERE TO HELP YOU, STONY.

IMPLANTED COMMUNICATION DEVICES. CAPABLE OF TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING AUDIO AS WELL AS VIDEO.



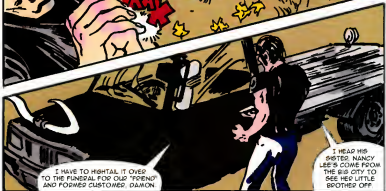
DON'T SWEAT IT, CURLY.



PERFECT FOR STONY. THE PHONE WAS HIS LIFELINE, DOING DEALS, LISTENING TO DESPERATE ADDICTS. THE LIVE ONES, OF COURSE. NOT THE DEAD ONES, LIKE DAMON.

CRICK
CRACK

I DON'T MIND GETTING MY HANDS DIRTY



I HAVE TO HISHAL IT OVER TO THE FUNERAL FOR OUR "FRIEND" AND FORMER CUSTOMER, DAMON.

I HEAR HIS SISTER, NANCY LEE'S COME FROM THE BIG CITY TO SEE HER LITTLE BROTHER OFF.



STONY LOVED IT. HE
DIDN'T HAVE TO FREEZE
HIS FINGERS OFF IN THE
COLD, HOLDING A CELL-
PHONE TO HIS NUMB EAR

KEEP TUNED,
CURLY

A PHONE CALL DIDN'T STOP
HIM FROM USING HIS HANDS
FOR WHATEVER ELSE HE MIGHT
BE DOING AT A GIVEN MOMENT

I SEE NANCY LEE NOW
STILL LOOKING PRETTY
GOOD

WAY I
REMEMBER
HER--

--FROM WHEN
SHE WAS GROWING INTO
A WOMAN. I'LL TEACH
YOU SOMETHING HERE

STONY HAD THE STRAY THOUGHT THAT
DAMON HAD HEARD VOICES IN HIS HEAD
AT THE END, MAYBE SOME OF THE VOICES
CRYSTAL METH-PEO--

--WITH PARANOID PHRASES
AND FANTASIES BECOMING
DRUG-FED REALITIES

STONY WAS THE MASTER
OF THE VOICES IN HIS HEAD.

HE DECIDED WHAT VOICES
HE WOULD HEAR AND NOT HEAR,

WHAT HE WOULD SEE
AND NOT SEE.

SEE YA,
DAMON--HOPEFULLY
NOT TOO SOON

STONY COULD ENVISION
DAMON'S EYES IN HIS
T DAYS BEFORE HE DIED;
HEARD THE HUBBLED
NOTE THE DEFILED
THAT SLAYABLE YOUNG
DESPAIR FED BY
PECS OF CRYSTAL
LIFE FROM STONY,
HAD MASTERED VOICES

THE CONSPIRACIES,
THE ERODING SELF-ESTEEM, CONVINCING
DAMON THAT PEOPLE DIDN'T LIKE HIM,
WHEN IN FACT, MANY PEOPLE LOVED HIM--

--IN THE END, THE METH-ENFLAMED
VOICES SCREAMED INCESSANTLY
ALONG WITH DELUSIONAL NIGHTMARES
IN DAMON'S HEAD--

--UNTIL DAMON
SILENCED THE
VOICES BY ENDING
HIS LIFE

NANCY LEE, SO
SAD WE HAVE TO
MEET LIKE THIS. I'M
SO SORRY FOR
YOUR LOSS.

I'VE HEARD SO
MANY STORIES ABOUT
YOU, STONY. DOESN'T
SOUND ANYTHING LIKE
THE PERSON I GREW
UP WITH.

SMALL TOWN
FOLKS LIKE TO
GOSSIP, YOU
KNOW THAT.

ME, I HEARD YOU'D
BECOME A NURSE.
THAT TRUE?

YES.

SOME OF THESE RUMORS
FLYING AROUND—
—PEOPLE
ARE FLAPPING
THEIR GUMS THAT
YOU'RE SELLING
DRUGS.

I JUST WANT
YOU TO KNOW, I
DON'T BELIEVE A
WORD OF IT.

TELL YOU
WHAT—

WHY DON'T YOU
LET ME TAKE YOU OUT
TO DINNER, AND WE'LL
TALK ABOUT DAMON
AND YOU AND ME
AND OLD TIMES.





STONY CAN'T QUITE
FATHOM WHAT HAPPENED

THERE WAS
NANCY LEE'S
WARMTH AND
CLOSENESS--

--AND THEN
COLD AND DARK

WHAT IS THIS?
HE CAN'T MOVE!

HE'S ON HIS OWN BED, AND
HE CAN'T TWITCH A FINGER.
MOVE AN ARM, MOVE A LEG

THIS ISN'T HOW IT IS
SUPPOSED TO BE

AS SOON AS I RETURNED
TO THIS TOWN AND SAW
YOUR HOUSE, SAW ALL THIS,
I KNEW ALL THE RUMORS
WERE TRUE.

THIS PLACE..
EVERYTHING
YOU HAVE..

IT WAS
ALL BOUGHT ON
DRUG MONEY.

MONEY THAT
COST MY BROTHER
HIS LIFE.

THAT'S WHEN
I DECIDED YOU
WEREN'T GOING
TO GET AWAY
WITH IT.

I'D BEEN
ENTERTAINING
THE IDEA FROM
THE TIME YOU
WERE NUZZLING
MY NECK AT THE
RESTAURANT.

THAT'S WHY I
BROUGHT THIS
ALONG ON OUR
LITTLE DATE.

A NIFTY
DRUG THAT
IMMOBILIZES
THE BODY!

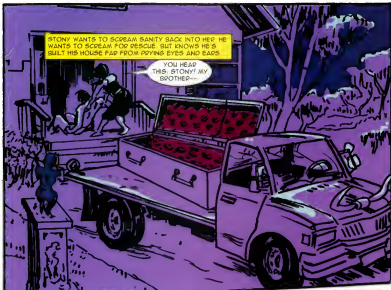
I LOVE WATCHING
YOU TRY TO MOVE..
AND THE PANIC IN YOUR
EYES.. AS YOU REALIZE
YOU CAN'T!





STONY WANTS TO SCREAM SANITY BACK INTO HER. HE WANTS TO SCREAM FOR RESCUE, BUT KNOWS HE'S BUILT HIS HOUSE FAR FROM POYING EYES AND EARS.

YOU HEAR THIS, STONY? MY BROTHER—



--WON'T BE THE ONLY ONE--



--BURIED TODAY!





IF ONLY HIS CAMERA PHONE WERE ON. IF ONLY HE COULD GET THE THING TO SWITCH ON.

IT WOULD BE A WHOLE DIFFERENT STORY, THEN!



NANCY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

LET'S THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING, OKAY?

YOU CAN TAKE IT TO THE BANK, STONY. I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF THINKING.



NO ONE'S GOING TO HEAR YOU OR FIND YOU.



AND YOU KNOW IN YOUR HEART OF HEARTS, STONY—

—NO ONE HEREABOUTS IS REALLY GOING TO LOOK FOR YOU TOO HARD.



STONY ALMOST HAS A HEART ATTACK WHEN HE HEARS CURLY'S VOICE. LOUD WITH CONCERN IN HIS EAR

THE CAMERA PHONE! IT'S ON! MUST HAVE TRIGGERED THE MECHANISM WHEN HE WHACKED HIS HEAD INTO THE COFFIN BOTTOM!



STONY,
CAN YOU HEAR
ME NOW? CAN
YOU HEAR?

I HEAR
YOU, CURLY.
CAN YOU SEE
WHAT I
SEE?

YEAH, NIGHT SKY!
WHERE ARE YOU?
WHAT HAPPENED?

IT'S THE CRAZY
SISTER, CURLY!

SHE'S HOT
WE ZONKED OUT
ON SOME KIND
OF DRUG

I DON'T
EVEN HAVE THE
TWITCH OF A DEATH
NERVE, THAT'S HOW
STRONG THIS
STUFF IS!



WE'RE
GOING OFF ROAD,
CURLY! YOU SEE
THAT?

WHAT I'M STILL
SEEING IS JUST
NIGHT SKY
WHIZZING BY.



LISTEN, CURLY, THIS
NUTSO'S GOT ME IN
A COFFIN. YOU
HEAR THAT?

YOU REALLY
GOTTA HEAR ME
NOW! NO FOOLING
AROUND!

FIND ME!



YOU HAPTA
GIVE ME
SOMETHING
TO GO ON!

I MEAN,
FROM THE STARS,
APPEARS TO ME
YOUR TRAVELING
NORTHWEST.



BUT THERE'S
A WHOLE LOTTA
NORTHWEST OUT
HERE!





AM I SEE
YOU GOT
YOUR PHONE
WORKING AGAIN
FOR A MINUTE
I WAS AFRAID
YOU'D LOST
YOUR MIND
AND WERE
BAGGINS TO
YOURSELF

YOU
KNOW
ABOUT MY
EMBEDDED
CAMERA
PHONE?



SINCE ABOUT
THE TIME YOU
WERE NUZZLING MY
NECK FOR YOUR
AUDIENCE.



THAT'S
GOOD
YOU'LL HAVE
COMPANY TO SEE
YOU THROUGH TO
THE END

THEY'LL
KNOW YOUR
FATE!

THAT
COULD BE A
GOOD THING

MAYBE
WHOEVER'S ON
THE OTHER END WILL
SEE THE ERROR OF
THEIR WAYS

REALIZE THIS
IS WHAT HAPPENS
TO LIES LIKE
YOU!



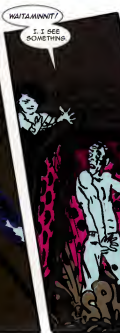
OH, MAN, CUDLY!
SHE'S UP TO SOME-
THING! SHE'S SHOVING
THE COFFIN OFF THE
TRUCK.

YOU SHAME
ONE CLUE THAT
PINPOINTS WHERE
YOU ARE, BOSS,
AND I'M THERE!



I'M TRYING
TO SEE!

THE COFFIN'S
TILTING. MAYBE,
I'LL SEE SOME-
THING THEN!



WAIT A MINNIT!

I. I SEE
SOMETHING



WHAT
IS THAT?

SPLUCH!





THIS SEEMS A FITTING PLACE FOR YOU TO SPEND ETERNITY, STONY!

THE PLACE WHERE WE GREW UP--

--BEFORE YOU BETRAYED US ALL! ENJOY!



ONLY ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND HE COULD BE SAVED

IT ISN'T FAIR! HIS MIND SCREAMS--



--BECAUSE HIS MOUTH CANNOT!



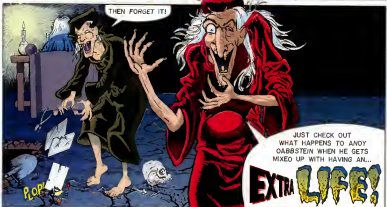
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS HE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THAT IMAGE?

CURLY SQUINTS AT WHAT IS IN THE CENTER OF THE SMALL IMAGE. WHAT IS THAT?

A CHILD'S SWING?



FRAME IT AS A USELESS NORMAN ROCKWELL SCENE? FOR CURLY, IT'S ABOUT AS FAR REMOVED FROM HIS WORLD AS THAT PAINTING. IT MEANS NOTHING. NOTHING AT ALL



I'VE BEEN DEAD FOR HOURS.

KILLED BY MY FRIENDS,
ROBBED OF EVERYTHING I
OWNED, I'M THE LATE, ONCE-
GREAT, ANDY DARGSTEN.

AND SITTING HERE, SO
SCARED AND SWEATING—
ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS
HOW TO STOP IT FROM
HAPPENING AGAIN.

HOW TO STOP IT
FROM HAPPENING
FOR REAL.





I WAS BORN ANDREW FRANCIS DAGGSTEIN BUT I HAD A SECOND NAME. ANOTHER LIFE.

LIVING TWO LIVES WASN'T EASY. ALMOST LIKE A CHEATER, JUGGLING TO KEEP A WIFE AND GIRLFRIEND APART.

I NEVER CHEATED ON CAMMY, THOUGH. SHE KNEW EVERY DETAIL ABOUT MY LIFE...AND MY OTHER LIFE.



EVEN THE WOMEN THERE.



CAMMY'S GONE NOW. AS ARE THE OTHER WOMEN. THEY'RE GONE AND I'M DEAD.

I WAS HONEST TO THEM ABOUT MY DUAL LIVES AND BECAUSE OF THAT, MY WORLDS COLLIDED.



BECAUSE OF THAT I WAS KILLED ON THE BALBOOTH PLAINS.



CAROLY DIDN'T LIKE
EVENBLADE. SHE WAS
AN ANDY GIRL.

THAT SUNDAY
THOUGH, SHE
HATED ANDY
HIS LACK OF
DRIVE, HIS LACK
OF INITIATIVE.



I NEVER UNDER-
STOOD THAT
EVENBLADE HAD
INITIATIVE AND
SHE HATED
EVENBLADE.

SHE COULD
BE SO
FRUSTRATING!




THAT NIGHT IT WASN'T EVENBLADE
WHO KILLED FIFTY BALTHORIAN
OGRES AND WON 800 GOLD P.

IT WAS ANDY.







WITHOUT A METROCARD OR CAB FARE, I HAD TO WALK TO WORK.

CARNEY WOULDN'T LOAN ME THE CASH. SHE WAS STILL ANGRY.

SHE BLAMED ME FOR LOSING THE WALLET, CALLING ME CARELESS AND IRRESPONSIBLE.

ANDY GOT A GOODBYE KISS.



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS CARNEY SLEPT, ANDY UNBURDENED HIS HEART TO KYRA DAVENHAIR.

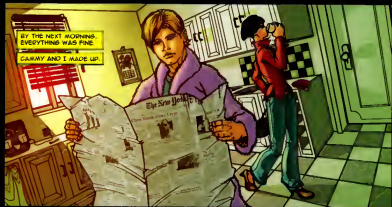
I REVEALED PERSONAL SECRETS I HADN'T TOLD ANYONE, EVEN CARNEY.



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BY THE NEXT MORNING,
EVERYTHING WAS FINE.

CAMMY AND I MADE UP.

ANDY GOT A
GOODBYE KISS.

AND EVENBLADE
EMBARKED ON A
WRAITH HUNT.

KYRA JOINED THE
FELLOWSHIP AS WE
SEARCHED FOR
BLOODWRAITH GOLD
AND VAMPIRE BATS.



WE ENCOUNTERED A
WRAITH PACK IN THE
THIRD CAVERN.

HORKIN THE
MINOTAUR AND
KYRA RETREATED.
STEELHEART #7
AND I FOUGHT ON,
EARNING 400P EACH.



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WHILE WE WAITED FOR THE
REMAINING WRAITHS TO TIRE
AND WANDERED OFF, WE PASSED
THE TIME.

AND THEN STEELHEART STARTED
JOKING ABOUT SECRETS FROM
ANDY'S PERSONAL LIFE.

SECRETS I HAD
TOLD KYRA IN
CONFIDENCE THE
NIGHT BEFORE.





KYRA SAID SHE ASSUMED THE SECRETS WERE FAIR PLAY, LIKE WHEN I TOLD THEM ABOUT GAWWY... BUT I WAS ANGRY!


I WANTED TO KEEP ANDY'S AND EVENBLADE'S WORLDS AS SEPARATE AS POSSIBLE



STEELHEART67 WAS SO ABSORBED IN OUR ARGUMENT...



...THAT HE NEVER NOTICED THE WRAITHS SNEAKING UP THE SIDE OF THE CAVERN



HORCUN AND I FOUGHT THEM BACK, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE

MY PROBLEMS HAD COST STEELHEART67 HIS ARM

AND THE NEXT DAY, HE WAS GONE.

WOUNDED AND DISILLUSIONED, STEELBLADEST RAN A SOLO CAMPAIGN AND WAS KILLED BY A HORDE OF GOBLINS.

KYRA AND I AVOIDED EACH OTHER. SHE WAS MORTIFIED AND I FELT BETRAYED.

BOTH OF US.



FEELING UNINSPIRED, I LEFT EARLY FOR WORK.

CAMMY'D BEEN GONE FOR HOURS AND SINCE WE COULDN'T SHARE A CAR, I TOOK THE 'A' TRAIN.



MY HEAD WAS SO FILLED WITH KYRA'S BETRAYAL THAT I DIDN'T NOTICE PEOPLE LAUGHING AT ME UNTIL THE TRAIN PULLED INTO THE STATION.





ONE OF THE
MEN BEHIND
ME WHISPERED
SOMETHING TO
HIS FRIEND, A
LITTLE SECRET
JOKE

BUT IT WAS NO
SECRET TO ME



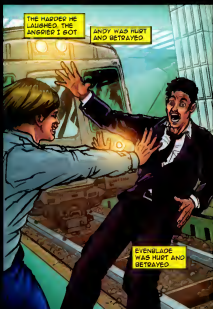
HE WAS WHISPERING
A PRIVATE FANTASY
I'D TOLD KYRA THE
OTHER NIGHT. ONE
OF THE SECRETS
THAT HAD COST
STEELBLADE'S LIFE

FUMING, I ASKED HIM
HOW HE KNEW? WHO
HAD TOLD HIM?



DID HE WALK THE OBSCURE
CONTINENT? DID HE KNOW
KYRA? WAS HE STEELBLADE'S?

BUT HE JUST
LAUGHED AT ME



THE HARDER HE
LAUGHED, THE
ANGRIER I GOT

ANDY WAS HURT
AND BETRAYED

EVENBLADE
WAS HURT AND
BETRAYED





MY SECRETS HAD KILLED
TWO PEOPLE, EACH IN A
DIFFERENT WORLD.

EVENTS IN EVENBLADE'S
LIFE WERE AFFECTING
ANDY'S AND THE
ANSWERS COULD ONLY
BE FOUND ONLINE.

KYRA WASN'T IN THE
PALADIN'S KEEP.

HORKUN CONFIRMED IT. AFTER OUR
DISASTROUS HUNT, SHE'D CANCELLED
HER OSSE CONTINENT SERVICE. AS FAR
AS WE MATTERED, KYRA RAVENHAIR NO
LONGER EXISTED.



THE STAFF HADN'T
SEEN HER FOR
HOURS AND HER
OSSEMAL
ACCOUNT WASN'T
WORKING.

EVENBLADE'S
GIRLFRIEND NO
LONGER EXISTED.



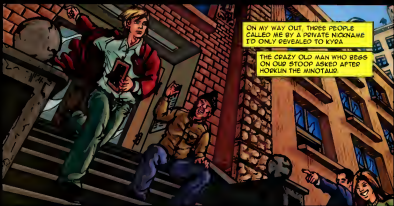
...MY GIRLFRIEND NO
LONGER EXISTED...

GIMMY.



CAMMY'S CELL PHONE DIDN'T WORK. NO SUCH NUMBER.

HER JOB HAD NO RECORD OF HER AND HER MOM DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS. SHE ASKED IF THIS WAS A JOKE. SHE HAD TWO SONS. NO DAUGHTERS.



ON MY WAY OUT, THREE PEOPLE CALLED ME BY A PRIVATE NICKNAME I'D ONLY REVEALED TO KYRA.

THE CRAZY OLD MAN WHO BOSS ON OUR STOOP ASKED AFTER HORKLIN THE MINOTAUR.



DESPERATE, I WENT TO HER OFFICE BUT OF COURSE SHE WASN'T THERE.

I DEMANDED TO SEE HER DESK. SEE HER BOSS. SEE ANYTHING THAT WOULD PROVE ME WRONG.



HAD TO KNOW
HAD TO KNOW

HER DESK. I RAN PAST THE
RECEPTIONIST, HOPING TO
FIND CAMMY AT HER DESK.



INSTEAD, I FOUND TYLER

TYLER WAS SITTING
IN CAMMY'S DESK.
HE SAID THAT HE'S
BEEN OCCUPYING
THIS DESK FOR
TWO MONTHS.

AS SECURITY
DROGGED ME
FROM THE
BUILDING, TYLER
GOT OFF THE
TELEPHONE LONG
ENOUGH TO
SMILE, WINK, AND
THROUGH THE
ECHOING SILENCE
IN MY EAR I
HEARD HIM SAY:



"GOOD TO MEET
YOU, BUDDY."

"MY BEST TO EVERYONE
AT THE PALADIN'S KEEP."



CAMMY'S THINGS
WERE GONE BY
THE TIME I GOT
HOME.

AT FIRST I THOUGHT SOMEONE
MIGHT HAVE TAKEN THEM... BUT
THERE WASN'T EVEN ANY DUST,
ANY FILTH LEFT BEHIND. IT WAS
AS IF CAMMY HAD NEVER LIVED
HERE.

AS IF SHE HAD
NEVER EXISTED.

AFTER THAT, I DIDN'T FEEL
LIKE BEING ANDY VERY MUCH.



NO SECRETS. NO MONEY.
NO GIRLFRIEND. IT WAS
HAPPY LIVING.



TO BE HONEST, I DIDN'T
FEEL LIKE SPENDING
TIME IN EVENGLADE'S
LIFE, EITHER.

THERE WAS SO
MUCH OF ANDY IN
IT THAT IT HARDLY
FELT ADVENTUROUS
AND INSPIRING.





MY LIVES HAD INTERTWINED, MY WORLDS COLLIDED.

AND I COULD FIND NO SOLACE, NO COMFORT IN EITHER.



HORDIN DRAGGED ME ON A FEW QUESTS, BUT MY HEART WASN'T IN IT.

ANDY'S HEART WASN'T IN IT.



EVERY MOVE ON THE CONTINENT HAUNTED MY WAKING HOURS, AND SO I BARELY SLEPT.

I COULDN'T LEAVE THE HOUSE, FOR FEAR OF WHAT I'D FIND.



AND I WOULDN'T LEAVE THE GAME, AFRAID OF MISSING THE ANSWERS I HOPED TO FIND.



MY JOB FIRED ME
THE FOLLOWING
MORNINGS

I SEARCHED FOR
A COROLLARY TO
EVENBLADE'S LIFE
BUT CAME UP
EMPTY



IN FACT, HOOKIN SUGGESTED WE REFL.
OUR FELLOWSHIP AND CHEER ME UP
WITH AN ADVENTURE.

AFRAID OF THE
CONSEQUENCES,
I SAID NO... BUT
TO BE
HONEST, I WAS
BORING WAITING
FOR ANSWERS
THAT WEREN'T
COMING.



AND, OF COURSE, NEVER WOULD.

IT WAS EVENBLADE THE PALADIN,
EVENBLADE THE STRONG, WHO
WENT INTO BATTLE...



...BUT IT WAS
ANDREW FRANCIS
DAGGERSTEIN THAT
DIED, STRUCK
FROM BEHIND ON
THE BALROTH
PLAINS

THAT WAS TWELVE
HOURS AGO.

I'D DIED ON THE OGRE CONTINENT.
ONE OF MY LIVES HAD BEEN KILLED.

AND IT WAS A MATTER OF
TIME BEFORE SOMETHING
CAME FOR THIS ONE, TOO.

I WAS ALWAYS HONEST ABOUT MY
WORLDS, MY TWO LIVES...AND
BECAUSE OF THAT, THEY COLLIDED.

BECAUSE OF THAT, GAMMY WAS
GONE. BECAUSE OF THAT I'M DEAD.

ANDY IS DEAD. AND NOW, I FINALLY
UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS TO LIVE.

I WAS BORN ANDREW FRANCIS
OGGSTEIN BUT I HAD A SECOND
NAME. AN EXTRA LIFE.



A close-up shot of a hand holding a multi-bladed knife. The hand is wearing a blue and white polka-dot glove. The knife has several blades, with the longest one pointing upwards and to the right. The blades are silver and sharp. The background is dark and blurry.

MY NAME IS EVENGLADE AND
ONCE I ROAMED THE OSEE
CONTINENT.

TWELVE HOURS AGO,
I LOST MY LIFE.

A full-page illustration of a man in a room. The man is shirtless, muscular, and has dark hair. He is wearing blue shorts and red socks. He is holding a multi-bladed knife in his right hand. He is standing in a room with a checkered floor and a window with blinds. The room is dimly lit, and there is a large, round object in the foreground. The man has a determined expression on his face.

SITTING HERE, ARMED AND
READY. ALL I CAN THINK
ABOUT IS HOW TO STOP IT
FROM HAPPENING AGAIN.

HOW TO STOP IT FROM
HAPPENING FOR REAL.

END



YOU KNOW,
KIDDIES, I CAN'T GET
WHAT ANDY'S PROBLEM IS!
WHO SAYS REALITY IS ALL
IT'S CRACKED UP
TO BE?

BUT I CAN'T
RECOMMEND SOCIALIZING
IN THE OGRE CONTINENT -
THOSE OGRES CAN BE SUCH
BACK-STABBERS!

NOW, THE OLD
WITCH, SHE WASTES
ENDLESS HOURS ONLINE
IN THE WORLD OF
WARTCRAFT!

I'LL JUST KEEP AVOIDING
THOSE GHASTLY GHOUUNATICS
BY HANGING HERE - AT LEAST
UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN IN THE
NEXT TOTALLY REAL ISSUE OF
TALES FROM THE CRYPT!
HAHAHAHAHAH!



Greetings, CRETINS! It's me again, the ol' Crypt-Keeper Welcome to another go-round of CRAZED CRITICISM and BOMBASTIC BRICKBATS regarding our previous IGNOMINIOUS issue!

But before opening up that can of INVERTEBRATES, let's review the REVOLTING results of your voting on TALES FROM THE CRYPT #3. It was yet another CHILLINGLY CLOSE race, but somehow "A MURDERIN' IDOL" by MANIACAL Mort Todd and SHUDDERIN' Steve Mannion managed to eke out a victory as the issue's favorite SCARE-TALE over "SLABBED" by Stefan Petruska and Don Hudson.

If you somehow missed our TERRIFYING third issue, the EVIL GENIUSES over at Paperstacks have already collected it and other FEAR-FABLES into paperback and hardcover collections entitled TALES FROM THE CRYPT #2 "Can You Fear Me Now?" It, along with TALES FROM THE CRYPT #1 "Ghosts Gone Wild" should be on shelves of better BOOKSTORES now:

Subject: Tales From The Crypt #2

I have only caught up with you on the second issue and I can't tell you how delighted I am that you are back for a new run! Ever since I learned about EC comics a few years back I have been intrigued in reading some of those classic creepy comics, and it was a pity that Bill Gaines persistently refused to resurrect them. I am glad that somebody has finally done so.

I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Eses' artwork in "The Garden". I thought it gave the feel that the story was taking place in some bizarre video game. [SPOILER WARNING: Don't read the rest of this email if you haven't already read TALES FROM THE CRYPT #2] I liked the poetic justice that the suicide bomber committed his crime in order to get into paradise. He

got his wish, but then found out it was really hell in paradise clothing!

It was an ingenious plot twist in "The Tenant" whereby the cheapskate landlord is forced to make improvements without breaking the conditions of his sentence that stipulate he must not do so: legally, the graveyard was not his property, so it was not breaking conditions to make improvements to the graveyard. Being forced to make these improvements was what really improved the landlord, but that did not save him from serving a sentence within a sentence.

I shall be looking forward to future issues.

Briony Coote
New Zealand

Thanks, Briony! "The Tenant" had a moral we can all appreciate -- that a tidy tomb is a happy tomb!

Subject: Hope and Fear for the Crypt series

Hi, I've been a longstanding EC fan-addict since I was 12 (now 33). When at a comicon I bought an original issue because the cover looked interesting - this was before the HBO series! I fell in love right away.

Yesterday I found your new series on the shelf at the comic shop. I felt an immediate thrill (Wow! New TALES FROM THE CRYPT stories!) and at the same time fear (Uh-oh, is this gonna be any good? Will it do justice to the original?)

After reading the first paperback (and I am about to start on issue 3 after I finish this email), my verdict was

somewhere in the middle. I so much want this to be the best comic it can be, because I love comics and I love the EC horrors especially. You have so much potential here! The only story I found up to par was "The Tenant" and judging by your letters in issue 3, that is the consensus. The first story in the book, "Body of Work" had me feeling especially frustrated. Such a good start, a great premise...then an ending that was just wasted! Why didn't you SHOW the faces of the corpses and their resemblance to the portraits? AND YOU MISSED AN OBVIOUS OPPORTUNITY FOR A GREAT GAG: The corpses should have taken the paintings back to the graveyard and hung them in the mausoleum! They could have given the artist (Jack Kroll) a post-mortem exhibit! And you know how the value of art goes up after an artist dies! His paintings would have sold out - no coffin should be without one!

I shall continue buying your "TALES" for a while at least, always optimistic to catch some of the magic.

Yakov Levi

Hey, Yakov as "a longstanding EC fan-addict" of 21 years, you have our permission to sit down already! But what makes you think we'd ever go for the "OBVIOUS" gag?

Subject: Crypt-Keeper's Corner!!!!

Hey, what's up, y'all? We wanted to give your team a big thumbs up for having the guts to bring TALES FROM THE CRYPT back. What about THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE CRYPT OF TERROR, THE HAUNT OF FEAR? Man, that would be hot as hell if you published those as well. I'd buy 'em, actually any EC comic would be exciting, CRIME SUSPENSE, SHOCK SUSPENSE, etc. Now, my nephew and I are real excited about these comics, and hope you continue strong. My suggestion is if your going to have somewhat weak stories, and only 2 stories per mag you are going to have to make up for it in the quality of paper stock and front cover artwork. The artwork for issue 2 is absolutely awesome. I bought like 6 of that issue. Now, in regards to the paper stock - man, you guys are cheap. I have to buy at least 2 of each issue because just reading your mag for a couple of minutes my fingerprints get etched into the ink and ruin the comic. The ink smears. Hey, when are you guys coming out with a hologram, foil, multi-colored variant and limited edition covers. Variant covers would be great, my nephew and I would buy all of em!!!!

Keep Up The Good Work !!!

Master Tillman Pink III
Manuel Mendoza
Los Angeles, California

Flattery will get you nowhere, Master Tillman and Manuel. TALES FROM THE CRYPT is the same comic as THE CRYPT OF TERROR, while we're waiting to hear what other EC Fan-addicts think about revising those other TERROR-TITLES. If you like STIFF covers, why not simply buy our HARDCOVER editions? As for limited edition covers, starting with this very issue we have two different comicbook covers - one with a US price and the other with a Canadian price! I expect you and your nephew to keep your word and buy 'em both - even if it means a trip up North! As for HORRORgrams, SPOILED, and MUTILATED limited edition covers, I suspect there's no cheap sales gimmick those PINHEADS at Papercutz won't try!

Subject: new TALES FROM THE CRYPT

Hey, I heard about you on NPR. Any plans for the HAUNT or VAULT? I'll tell everyone I know. I'm sending the link to your site (www.papercutz.com) to my distribution list. Hope you can get some more airtime, like the bit I heard today on NPR. I'm a big CRYPT fan (comics, movies, and TV), have the Russ Cochran hardbound collections, am constantly checking Ebay for more and this was the first I had heard of your product.

Good luck, Taking subscriptions yet?

Bill Shaw

NPR? Around here that means NAUSEATING PULSATING REMAINS! You probably mean the ultra-short feature Nina GREGORY produced on Halloween for Morning Edition on National Public Radio, which featured my eldest editor, Jim Salicrup.

As for subCRIPTIONs, just send us a check or money order, in US funds only, for \$24.00 for a one-year, six-issue subscription to TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Subscriptions begin with the next issue published after we receive your order.

Thus concludes another raucous intellectual DISSECTION regarding the greatest horror comicbook series ever! Don't miss next issue featuring the GROSS-EST story yet - "Ignoble Rot" by Fred Van Lente and Steve Mannion, as well as "Queen of the Vampires" by Marc Bilgrey and Mr. Essex.

Keep those emails and letters coming! Tell us what you thought of this freaky, fun-offending fourth issue. Send your letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your savage commentaries or rage-filled reversals to our illiterate editor at: salicrup@papercutz.com.

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